Pet. I marry muſt you. For you muſt vnderſtand he goes but to ſee a noyſe that he heard, and is to come againe.

Thyſ. Moſt radiant *Piramus*, moſt Lilly white of hue,
Of colour like the red roſe on triumphant bryer,
Moſt brisky Iuuenall, and eke moſt louely Iew,
As true as trueſt horſe, that yet would neuer tyre,
Ile meete thee *Piramus*, at *Ninnies* toombe.

Pet. Ninus toombe man: why you muſt not ſpeake that yet; that you anſwer to *Piramus*: you ſpeake all your part at once, cues and al. *Piramus* enter, your cue is paſt; it is neuer tyre.

Thyſ. O, as true as trueſt horſe, that yet would neuer tyre.

Pir. If I were faire, *Thisby* I were onely thine.

Pet. O monſtrous. O ſtrange. We are haunted; pray maſters flye maſters, helpe.

Rob. Ile follow you, Ile leade you about a Round,
Through bogge, through buſh, through brake, through bryer
Sometime a horſe Ile be, ſometime a hound,
A hogge, a headleſſe beare, ſometime a fire,
And neigh, and barke, and grunt, and rore, and burne,
Like horſe, hound, hog, beare, fire, at euery turne. *Exit.*

Bot. Why do they run away? This is a knauery of them to make me afeard. *Enter Snowt.*

Sn. O *Bottom*, thou art chang'd; what do I ſee on thee?

Bot. What do you ſee? you ſee an aſſe head of your own. Do you?

Enter Peter quince.

Pet. Bleſſe thee *Bottome*, bleſſe thee; thou art tranſlated. *Exit.*

Bot. I ſee their knauery; this is to make an aſſe of me, to fright me if they could; but I will not ſtir from this place, do what they can. I will walke vp and downe heere, and I will ſing that they ſhall heare I am not afraid.
The Wooſell cocke, ſo blacke of hew,
With Orange tawny bill,

The Throſtle, with his note ſo true,
The Wren with little quill.

Tytania. What Angell wakes me from my flowry bed?

Bot. The Finch, the Sparrow, and the Larke,
The plainſong Cuckow gray;
Whoſe note full many a man doth marke,
And dares not anſwer, nay.
For indeed, who would ſet his wit to ſo fooliſh a bird?
Who would giue a bird the lye, though he cry Cuckow, neuer ſo?

Tyta. I pray thee gentle mortall, ſing againe,
Mine eare is much enamored of thy note;
On the firſt view to ſay, to ſweare I loue thee.
So is mine eye enthralled to thy ſhape,
And thy faire vertues force (perforce) doth moue me,

Bot. Me-thinks miſtreſſe, you ſhould haue little reaſon for that: and yet to ſay the truth, reaſon and loue keepe little company together, now adayes. The more the pitty, that ſome honeſt neighbours will not make them friends. Nay I can gleeke vpon occaſion.

Tyta. Thou art as wiſe, as thou art beautifull.

Bot. Not ſo neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I haue enough to ſerue mine owne turne.

Tyta. Out of this wood, do not deſire to goe,
Thou ſhalt remaine here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a ſpirit of no common rate:
The Sommer ſtill doth tend vpon my ſtate,
And I do loue thee; therefore go with me,
Ile giue thee Fairies to attend on thee;
And they ſhall fetch thee Iewels from the deepe,
And ſing, while thou on preſſed flowers doſt ſleepe:
And I will purge thy mortall groſſeneſſe ſo,
That thou ſhalt like an ayry ſpirit go.
Peaſe-bloſſome, Cobweb, Moth, and Muſtard-ſeed.
Enter foure Fairies.